

TV dating game show

It was 1989 and I was a busy commercial photographer living in Los Angeles. One day I got a phone call from a friend who worked at a local advertising agency and told me they were working on the promotion for a new TV dating game show called "Straight to the Heart". It was to be a competitor to "The Dating Game". The show was looking for contestants and they had the concept for an episode that included three male photographers and three female actresses. I had a girlfriend at the time, but I thought she would be OK with this (turned out, I was wrong), so I said yes.

On the day of the taping I showed up with a black derby hat over my shoulder-length blonde hair, a sportcoat, and a bolo tie, all of which looks perfectly ridiculous all these years later.

Before we went on, they had a questionnaire with lots of hypotheticals, such as: "What attributes would make a great lover?". Evidently, the women were getting their own series of questions and we would be asked which answer to each others' questions we liked the most.

I had been to some TV show tapings before, such as "Happy Days" and "the Johnny Carson show", so I was somewhat familiar with what a broadcast studio looked like, but being on the other side of the camera was a completely different experience. There was a live audience, lights and cameras facing us, and a TV host trying to be clever, along with his female assistant, with big hair and equally large shoulder pads. In my memory, the whole thing seemed to go by blindingly fast.

After introductions, the first set of questions that the guys answered went to the ladies to pick which one they liked the best. All three of them chose the answer I had given, not knowing it was mine. That was embarrassing enough, but it got worse.

When it was our turn, I ended up unwittingly picking the answer from Vicki, the spunky brunette with the Brooklyn accent, who also happened to be wearing a black derby. After watching the video of this episode recently, I have to admit that the two of us were hamming it up and flirting with each other.

When it went back to the actresses choosing their favorite answer to a second question given to the photographers, again, all three of them chose my answer. This put me at the center of a lot of attention, which is, hard to believe, something I'm not comfortable with.

I ended up picking Vicky's answer again, so it was no surprise that the two of us landed in the "lightning round" that would determine if we were to win a trip to Cancun. Fortunately, we lost and didn't have to deal with the vacation scenario, but

I did stay in touch with Vicky. We tested our physical attraction in Los Angeles and then again later when I visited her in New York, where for some reason we ended up at a seedy 42nd Street peep show/strip club. The headlining entertainer was a woman who poured different colors of paint on her nude body and then sat/laid/squatted on pieces of white posterboard, thus creating "art".

One thing I remember very clearly about Vicky was that she had a lot of determination and follow through. In a time before laser hair removal, she had methodically, painstakingly and thoroughly, plucked out, with tweezers, every single one of her pubic hairs.

<https://youtu.be/ePKm7eqEEXk>



